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## SAUNTERINGS AMONG THE SCOTTISH SONGS.

IN Burns's commonplace book is the following passage:—"There is a noble sublimity, a heart-melting tenderness, in some of our ancient ballads, which show them to be the work of a masterly hand; and it has often given me many a heart-ache to reflect that such glorious old bards—bards who very probably owed all their talents to native genius, yet have described the exploits of heroes, the pangs of disappointment, and the meltings of love, with such fine strokes of nature—that their very names (oh, how mortifying to a bard's vanity!) are now 'buried among the wreck of things which were.'" The feeling of this sentence must have been present at some time or other to almost all who have ever bestowed any attention on the anonymous songs and ballads of "the north country;" the compositions are full of literary ability; exhibit romance, tenderness, humour, sarcasm; many of the songs are exquisite little rustic dramas. How, when, by whom, were these admirable things composed? "Oh, ye dead, will none of ye in pity let out the secret?" Even to know in what district they were chiefly produced—to what class of society their authors chiefly belonged—would be a gratification. I am one of those who have spent many a precious hour in pondering over these questions, for I appreciate the traditional music and poetry of my native country as a rich estate in which I have a joint life-rent interest, and would almost hold life itself as something less worth having, but for the enjoyment derivable from that source. It only lately occurred to me, that perhaps we have all been too neglectful of those principles of criticism by which so much light has been thrown upon other obscure departments of literature: we have never once thought of looking to the internal evidence of the songs themselves for any portion of the information of which we are in quest. Much, I believe, might be learned from such an investigation, taken in connexion with the few scattered facts which have actually been ascertained, and with what we know of the times when the various songs were respectively first printed. We might still, indeed, have to long in vain for the names of most of the authors; but other matters connected with their literary history would at least be made less purely conjectural than they are at present.

It seems necessary, in the first place, to divest the mind as much as possible of all extravagant notions which may have been entertained on this subject. Where we know nothing, we are apt to wonder a great deal, and to suppose something much more magnificent than that which probably existed. Thus the Scottish airs have been thought to be the production of David Rizzio, the unfortunate secretary of Queen Mary. The ballads have been thought fragments of ancient minstrel poems. Many persons, doubtless, believe the unknown authors of the Scottish songs to have been a set of most exalted geniuses, beings not to be classed with any supposable department of actual society—mythic and almost divine; and this simply because nothing is known about them; and it seems necessary to assign a cause and origin of some grandeur where the results have been so remarkable. The disposition to form such notions is very natural, but it must be checked, or I fear that the reader had as well resolve at once to read no further.

Songs generally have at first a fugitive existence. They come out obscurely, and acquire currency, for the most part, by passing from mouth to mouth, without the ceremony of print. When eminently successful, they soon go far beyond the local bounds of the author, so that his name ceases to be attached to them:

of late, it has been in many instances sought out and associated permanently with the song in its printed form; but of old, when literary men did not interest themselves in such subjects, and few or no organs of public intelligence existed, this usually perished, and went altogether out of sight. We may be sure, nevertheless, that, generally, such as the authors of happy modern songs have proved to be when sought out, would the authors of similarly happy songs produced fifty, a hundred, or a hundred and fifty years ago, prove to be, if we could now learn anything about them. A considerable number of the former class were the production of educated persons—ladies and gentlemen—as Sir Gilbert and Miss Elliot, Mr Skinner, Mrs Cockburn, and, if we go back a little farther, Mr Crawford and Lady Grizel Baillie. Some others have been traced to persons in comparatively humble life—the *Boatie Rows*, for instance, to one Ewen, a shoemaker; *Wae Me for Prince Charlie*, to an obscure person named William Glen; and *There's nae Luck about the House*, to a poor lonely female who lived about fifty years ago in Greenock. Now, when we go back to the anonymous songs of a hundred years ago and upwards, what can be more rational than to suppose that they also were composed by either such ladies and gentlemen as have been enumerated—persons who, amidst elegant life, cultivated a taste for the Doric muse—or by out-and-out members of that humble class whose interests and feelings were generally the subjects of the songs, or affected to be so?

Between fifty and sixty years ago, the Scottish anthology received a set of additions, in which one character of composition was very distinctly marked. The strain was tender, replete with the pathos of human life, the breathing, as it were, of some gentle feminine soul, which had known affection only to suffer from it. One of the songs began thus:—

"Gin living worth could win my heart,  
You would not plead in vain;  
But in the darksome grave it's laid,  
Never to rise again."

Another had the following opening:—

"And ye shall walk in silk attire,  
And siller hae to spare,  
Gin ye'll consent to be his bride,  
Nor think on Donald mair."

"Oh wha wad buy a silken gown,  
Wi' a poor broken heart?  
Or wha's to me a siller crown,  
If fra my love I part?"

Had these songs been produced a hundred years earlier, we should have probably had them handed down to us somewhat corrupted, in the various collections of Ramsay, Herd, and Johnson. The name of the author would have been unknown; and judging from what I shall show has happened, the very fact of their being a group of compositions by one author would probably not have been dreamt of. Each, however, would have been regarded with veneration, as a production of some one of the many poets who lived long ago, but have died and left no sign. It was settled only the other day, that the whole set proceeded from the pen of a modest young Cumberland lady, Miss Blamire, who wrote only to gratify her own tastes and amuse a private circle, and who, after a brief and blameless life, died in 1795.\* Here, it appears to me, we have a complete example of what would be learned respecting the authorship of many anonymous Scottish songs, if the veil of obscurity were drawn aside from their history. Groups of them would be found to have been written by persons circumstanced like Miss Blamire—persons

\* A collection of her poems and songs, many of which are of great merit, has been published by Mr Patrick Maxwell of Edinburgh. See *Journal*, No. 520.

having poetry in their natures, but who, living in an age when the press was less temptingly open to all comers than it is now, shrinking perhaps from all publicity beyond a few friends' firesides, never thought of taking steps for connecting their names with such literary productions as fell from them.

An illustration of a different kind may be offered. Had Robert Burns been born fifty years earlier, and reared in equal obscurity, he would have in all probability composed songs, just as we know he actually did, for his mind would, in the supposed case, have been liable to almost exactly the same influences which in reality affected it. His indignant plough-boy banter at Tibbie, who, when less rich, had not been so shy; his exquisite burst of simple affection in *Nannie O*; his glowing luxurious *Bonnie Lass o' Ballochmyle*; and perhaps many other of the songs which we know he actually did write, would not the less in that case have been written by him (or at least others to the same purport and effect), and would have been instantly, we may believe, caught up by his rustic associates. But in that age, Burns would have never seen a line of his compositions printed; his songs might, but his name never, have travelled beyond the bounds of Kyle. After his remains had been placed in the little kirkyard, amongst the tuneless children of the common world, Herd, perhaps, would have obtained, from the lips of some of his friends, copies of a few of these admirable lyrics, and planted them in his book. Thus they would be preserved for posterity, but without any connexion with a name, and most likely not even recognised as the productions of one sweet singer. Now, as there were heroes before Agamemnon, so must there have been rustic Scottish bards before Burns; bards not perhaps his equals, but making a certain approach to his wonderful powers; whose strains, however, were committed only to the care of tradition. Can we doubt, that to such persons are to be ascribed a large portion of the good songs of old date, which we possess by means of the various collections into which they have been gathered from tradition?

So much premised, I proceed to remark, that, if any person of tolerable critical judgment will, with his mind awakened to the object, look over the older songs of our native land, he will easily discover that there are groups of them which bear a general resemblance to each other in style of ideas and peculiarities of versification, showing great likelihood that each set was the composition of some particular writer. In a few instances, a particular song of the group has been more or less clearly traced to an individual; and in these instances, of course, that individual may be held as standing in the character of putative parent to the rest of the set. In other instances, unfortunately, we only can show that certain songs were probably written by some special but unknown person, or, at the most, by some person at whom tradition has faintly hinted. Even, however, to make out so much in an inquiry of so much interest, may be held, I hope, as a not unworthy labour.

Early in the last century, there appeared a ballad of considerable length, entitled *Hardiknute*, an elegant, yet simple composition, full of a certain heroic grace: Sir Walter Scott somewhere says—"Hardiknute, the first poem I ever learnt—the last that I shall forget." It was first printed by itself in 1719 by some gentlemen of literary taste, into whose hands it had fallen; and soon after, a corrected copy of it was communicated to Allan Ramsay, to be printed in his miscellany called the *Evergreen*, which professedly contained only poems written before the year 1600. Throughout the whole remainder of last century, this

poem passed with the public as an ancient ballad; but it was at length ascertained to have been the composition of a Lady Wardlaw of Pitreavie, in Fife (by birth Elizabeth Halket), who was only a contemporary of Ramsay.\* Mr George Chalmers learnt from the tradition of her family, that this lady was "a woman of elegant accomplishments, who wrote other poems, and practised drawing, and cutting paper with her scissors; and who had much wit and humour, with great sweetness of temper;" a delightful as well as complete portrait of a literary genius of her class and condition, and containing one statement which, though no more than what might have been predicted, is, as a positive fact, important to our present inquiry. It seems strange that no one should have ever thought of looking amongst the similar poetry published about the same time, or afterwards, for other productions of Lady Wardlaw. Though many such ballads were going about under sufficiently suspicious circumstances, notwithstanding the evidently great powers of Lady Wardlaw, notwithstanding the positive statement that she did write other poems, the editors of Scottish poetry and the public remained content to assign to her only Hardiknute. Such stupidity will appear perfectly surprising, when I bring specimens of certain other popular pieces into comparison with her ladyship's acknowledged poem.

First, it is necessary to present a few brief specimens of Hardiknute. The Scottish king, Alexander III., is thus represented as receiving intelligence of the Norwegian invasion of 1263:—

The king of Norwe, in summer tide,  
Puff'd up wi' power and might,  
Landed in fair Scotland the isle,  
Wi' mony a hardy knight.  
The tidings to our gude Scots king  
Came as he sat at dine,  
Wi' noble chiefs in brave array,  
Drinking the blude-red wine.  
"To horse, to horse, my royal liege,  
Your face stand on the strand,  
Full twenty thousand glittering spears  
The chiefs of Norwe command."  
"Bring me my steed, Meg dapple grey!"  
Our gude king rais'd and cried;  
"A trustier heart in all the land  
A Scots king never seid."

A wounded and deserted knight thus replies to an offer of assistance:—

Wi' smileless look and visage wan,  
The wounded knight replied:  
"Kind chieftain, your intent pursue,  
For here I maun abide.  
To me nae after day nor night  
Can e'er be sweet or fair,  
But soon beneath some drapping tree,  
Canst death shall end my care."

A field of battle—

In thrava of death, wi' wallowed cheek,  
All panting on the plain,  
The bleeding corps of warriors lay,  
N'er to arise again;  
N'er to return to native land,  
Nae mair wi' blythesome sounds  
To boast the glories of that day,  
And shaw their shining wounds.  
On Norway's coast the widowed dame  
May wash the rocks wi' tears,  
May lang look o'er the shipless sea,  
Before her mate appears.  
Cease, Emma, cease to hope in vain,  
Thy lord lies in the clay;  
The valliant Scots nae rivers thole,  
To carry life away.

Coleridge alludes somewhere to "the grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spens," which he probably saw in the Border Minstrelsy of Scott. This is certainly a very beautiful composition. It describes a voyage undertaken in winter to bring home the king of Norway's daughter as a bride to the king of Scots, and which ends in the destruction of the vessel and all on board on the return. No copy of this ballad can be found to have existed before one which was sent to Bishop Percy by some of his Scottish correspondents in 1765. It was inserted in the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, and has since been reprinted in every collection of Scottish ballads, generally with the affirmation, that it is one of the oldest compositions of the kind which we have, a notion for which there is absolutely no foundation but the remoteness of the time referred to in the ballad itself. In reality, this poem bears on the face of it no genuine mark of antiquity: the fact of hats, high-heeled shoes, and fans, being alluded to in it, affords the strongest grounds for suspecting that it is modern. Let the reader compare the following verses with some of those in the preceding extracts from Hardiknute, and then say by whom he thinks Sir Patrick was written:—

The king sits in Dunfermline town,  
Drinking the blude-red wine;  
O where will I get a skeety skipper,  
To sail this ship o' mine?

The king has written a braid letter,  
And send it with his hand;  
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,  
Was walking on the strand.

"To Norrway, to Norrway,  
To Norrway o'er the faem;  
The king's daughter o' Norrway,  
Tha thou mann bring her hame."

\* Second daughter of Sir Charles Halket of Pittferran; born in 1677; married in 1696 to Sir Henry Wardlaw of Pitreavie; died in 1787. She is buried in the church of Dunfermline.

† Tried.

‡ Scottish plural, instead of corpses.

§ Endure no robbers.

O lang, lang may the ladies sit,  
Wi' their fans into their hands,  
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens  
Come sailing to the strand.  
And lang, lang may the maidens sit,  
Wi' their good kames in their hair,  
A-waiting for their ain dear loves,  
For them they'll see nae mair.

Could there well be more remarkable traits of an identity of authorship than between these two different sets of extracts? The way in which the king calls out "to horse, to horse!" is the counterpart of the opening of his brief letter, "To Norrway, to Norrway!" The grief of the ladies in the two cases is not two sets of images, but absolutely one. The king sits "drinking the blude-red wine" in both cases; and the peculiar and rather uncommon word "strand" (a word also, be it remarked, of purely literary use) is introduced in both as a rhyme. I must also lay some stress on the localities of Sir Patrick Spens—namely, Dunfermline and Aberdour—these being places in the immediate neighbourhood of the mansions where Lady Wardlaw spent her whole life. A poet often, of course, writes about places which he never saw; but it is natural to be most disposed to write about those with which he is familiar; and some are first inspired by the historical associations connected with their native scenes. For all of these reasons, I take leave to consider Elizabeth Halket, Lady Wardlaw, as nearly as certainly the author of Sir Patrick Spens as she is of Hardiknute.

Ballad readers will be startled to hear it surmised, that the ordinary version of *Gil Morris* is another composition of this ingenious lady. *Gil Morris* was several times printed separately in Scotland, the second time in 1755, before it was adopted by Percy into his famous collection. It differs in its history from Sir Patrick Spens, in as far as there was a rude version of it, almost entirely different in language, previously existing—certainly known to be so, for it was in Percy's celebrated folio manuscript, which he supposed to be not of later date than the reign of Elizabeth. The ordinary version is, I need scarcely remark, a beautiful composition, simple and melodious in diction, and presenting the catastrophe of the story in a manner strikingly affecting. Written, as it is, nevertheless, in the language of an educated mind, and with much of the manner of a trained poet, it could never have been admitted to rest as a genuine old popular ballad, if editors had exercised the least care in observing how far remote it is from the homeliness of that class of compositions. Taking Hardiknute as a received specimen of Lady Wardlaw's talents, let us see how *Gil Morris* corresponds with it. If we can find any passages resembling others in Sir Patrick, it will be so much the better. First, as to the general manner, how much akin are the opening stanzas:—

Gil Morris was an earl's son;  
His name it wazed wide;  
It was nae for his great riches,  
Nor yet his mickle pride;  
But it was for a lady gay,  
That lived on Carron side.  
"Where shall I get a bonny boy,  
That will win hose and shoon;  
That will gae to Lord Barnard's ha',  
And bid his lady come?"  
And ye maun rin my errand, Willie,  
And ye maun rin wi' speed;  
When other boys gae on their foot,  
On horseback ye shall ride."  
"O no, O no, my master dear,  
I daur nae for my life," &c.

In Sir Patrick, a sailor addresses his master—

"O ever alike, my master dear,  
I fear a deadly storm."

When the boy goes in and pronounces the fatal message before Lord Barnard—

Then up and spak the wily nurse,  
The bairn upon her knee;  
"If it be come frae Gil Morris,  
It's welcome dear to me."

Compare this with the second verse of Sir Patrick—

O up and spak an eldren knight,  
Sat at the king's right knee,  
"Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailer  
That sails upon the sea."

When the youth has been slain by Lord Barnard, the lady explains that he was her son, and exclaims—

"To me nae after days or nights,  
Will e'er be aft or kind;  
I'll fill the air wi' heavy sighs,  
And greet till I am blind."

How nearly the same is this with the doleful complaint of the wounded knight in Hardiknute! It would be improper here to quote more of these poems, but if any one chooses to turn them up in an ordinary collection, and read them together, I believe that he will see many additional reasons for believing that they are productions of one mind.

There are several other ballads, hitherto received as ancient and anonymous, which seem likely to have been composed by Lady Wardlaw. Such, for example, is the tragic one entitled *Edward*, first printed by Percy—

Why does your brande see drap wi' blood,  
Edward, Edward?  
Why does your brande see drap wi' blood,  
And why see and gang ye, O?  
O I hae killed my hawk see good,  
Mither, mither!  
O I hae killed my hawk see good,  
And I had nae mair but he, O.

The hero proves to have killed his father at the instigation of the mother, and the piece ends with a re-

morseful curse against her. Another, entitled *Young Waters*, which was printed separately in Scotland about the middle of the last century, and adopted by Percy, seems a pear of the same tree. It turns on the jealousy of the Scottish king on hearing his consort call Waters the fairest person she had ever seen. His rage is exactly that of Lord Barnard—

Out then spak the jealous king,  
(And an angry man was he),  
"O, if he had been twice as fair,  
Ye might have excepted me."

In the following verse, the concluding line contains the very same form of expression as that of one of the verses in Hardiknute, descriptive of the field of battle:—

"Aft have I ridden through Stirling town,  
In the wind both and the rain;  
But I ne'er rode through Stirling town,  
N'er to return again."

"N'er to return again" and "N'er to arise again," are two coins from the same mould of thought. There is likewise a ballad entitled *Gilderoo*, belonging evidently to the same school, or which has at least passed through the same alembic, though this has been already acknowledged by at least one editor.

Upon the whole, then, there appear good grounds for believing that a poetess of remarkable genius, graceful in thought and language, capable alike of striking heroic tones and of melting the heart with those of gentle affection, existed at the beginning of the last century, but who has never hitherto been distinguished as more than the writer of one piece, although she probably wrote many. One character marks all the pieces which I now attribute to her—the by the other sex inimitable delicacy of the feminine mind; and this is one strong general additional proof of the hypothesis. It is an inferior, but not altogether frivolous point of general resemblance, that they were all, moreover, presented in an affectedly ancient orthography. Lady Wardlaw may be presumed to have had all that love for the old traditional poetry of her country which Burns and Scott felt so keenly; and, like them, she delighted to tune her harp to the wild old minstrel key, and (to use a fine image of Allan Cunningham) glide like a refreshing dew into the fading flowers of ancient minstrelsy, and make them all bright again. It is, indeed, painful to think of such a genius passing from the stage of life in such perfect obscurity, that her very connexion with her own compositions has become a matter of doubt. Let her bones, however, be held to give additional sanctification to the fane of Dunfermline, already glorified by the remains of Bruce; and henceforth let her name be restored to the list of those poetical children of her soil whom Scotland delighteth to honour.

This subject will be resumed.

## THE WASSAIL BOWL.\*

THE "WASSAIL BOWL" is a collection of playful sketches of society by a young writer who has already, it seems, attained some distinction in this light, but not unserviceable department of literature. We have often had occasion to remark that writers of Mr Smith's class, residing in London, are the most local of all writers; but they are of two classes; namely, those who confine their lucubrations to sketches of London men and manners, thus keeping within the sphere of their own habits, feelings, and perceptions; and those who, equally tied and bound by the local ideas which sustain their literary existence, attempt to take a wider range of subjects. Against the latter class, of course, serious objections exist. Though they place the scene of a romance in France, or that of a poem in ancient Italy, yet their characters talk the language of Londoners; their descriptions are in nearly the same style, and illustrated by the same similes, as when they write about what they perfectly understand—the lives, for instance, of London highwaymen, or the peculiarities of tavern-waiters. Into this error Mr Smith has not fallen. He is guilty of no affectation to conceal that he is heart and soul a cockney, and never travels beyond the range of his own peculiarly keen observation. All his characters live, move, and have their being in the streets, squares, alleys, taverns, theatres, drawing-rooms, shops, and club-houses of the British capital.

Our readers will perceive, by the extracts which follow, that, apart from the gay vivacity of Mr Smith's style, the eccentric turn of some of his thoughts, the oddness, but withal aptitude, of many of his similes, there is a charm of truth in his sketches which gives a positive interest to what would otherwise appear evanescent and frivolous. It is truth, indeed, occasionally exaggerated, but never grossly outraged. He evidently possesses powers of observation sufficient to enable him to form correct estimates of the superficial characteristics of the people he meets with, and the scenes he mixes in. He does not, therefore, invent; he copies from nature. This he does with such fidelity, that his portraits cannot be mistaken by those who have once seen the originals. The following sketch takes in a whole class, which few will fail to recognise under the title of

## DELIGHTFUL PEOPLE.

"There are two sets of people in society—the amusers and the amused, who are both equally useful in their

\* The Wassail Bowl. By Albert Smith. In two volumes. London: Bentley, 1843.



way, although widely different in their attributes. A *réunion*, to go off well, should contain a proper share of either class; because, notwithstanding the inability of the latter to contribute much to the festivity of the meeting, they make an excellent and patient audience, without which the powers of the amusers are cramped, and they feel they are not sufficiently appreciated.

Why all people, enjoying the same level of intellect, should not be equally sought after in society, we do not pretend to decide; but we will endeavour to account for it by falling back upon our theatrical analogies. If you study the play-bills, you see, year after year, the same names amongst the companies who keep at the same humble standard; whilst others, whom you recollect as their inferiors, ultimately arrive at big letters and benefits; in fact, that chance, tact, *forte*, and opportunity, come spontaneously to the latter, whilst the former are content to remain servants and peasants. They have been known to embody guests and mobs, and have sometimes arrived at first citizens; but this is by no means a common occurrence. The same union of circumstances that divides a theatrical commonwealth into stars and supernumeraries, produces in our own circles delightful people and nobodies—for so are the listeners and admirers generally and uncourtously termed.

But there are various kinds of delightful people beyond the mere entertainers. If there is a family rather higher in life than yourselves, or moving in a sphere you think more of than your own, notwithstanding they may have formerly snubbed you, it is astonishing, when you get introduced to them, and at last asked to their house, that delightful people you find them. If you know two young persons who have tumbled into an engagement with one another under tolerably favourable circumstances, and visit each other's friends for the first time, you will be enchanted with the accounts of what 'delightful people' they are; how very friendly the mother was, and how well the sisters played, and made coloured paper dust-collectors. Persons who have large houses, give dinners, and keep carriages and private boxes; gentlemen who have been all along the coast of the Mediterranean, and tell most extraordinary anecdotes, until they themselves really believe that their adventures have happened; authors who have written a book which has proved a hit by chance, to the astonishment of everybody, and no one more than the writers; acquaintances who have the happy knack of cordially agreeing with you upon every subject, and applauding everything you do, thinking quite differently all the while; worn-out 'bits of quality tumbled into decay,' as Miss Lucretia M'Tab says, who honour families of questionable caste with their acquaintance, and join all their parties by the tenor of relating stories of bygone greatness, and random recollections of defunct high circles; all these, and many more, had we time to enumerate them, are 'delightful people.'

The longest, and perhaps best papers in these amusing volumes are those entitled 'The Physiology of Evening Parties.' They present a minute dissection of what takes place before, at, and after those medleys of 'waltzes, whist, wax-candles, and waistcoats! Chandeliers and champagne! Croquets, creams, cornets-a-piston, and cracker bon-bons! Flirts, founcies, and flowers!' There is scarcely a Londoner who cannot testify to the truth of the following detail of

#### THE PREPARATIONS FOR AN EVENING PARTY.

'With the first blush of dawn, the whole establishment is assisting in the process familiarly known as turning a house out of window; and a perpetual parcels' delivery at the street door keeps the bells and the servants on the vibration the whole morning. All the superfluous articles of furniture belonging to the lower part of the mansion boldly invade the bed-rooms, and finally carry them by storm; strange chandeliers attach themselves to the hooks of the drawing-room ceiling; regiments of candlesticks, in all the brilliancy of recent plate-leathering, and new wax ornaments, appear in review upon the sideboard, before a staff of Argand table-lamps and pint decanters; whilst an accompanying sham-fight appears continually going on between the fire-irons, druggets, broom-handles, and stair-carpetts all over the house, until the master of the establishment rushes wildly out for the day, finding, in the course of this domestic pantomime, which to him is anything but a comic one, that his own bed-chamber has changed into a supper-room. The drawers turned hindsides before, and covered with oil-cloth, look like decapitated chiffoniers; the four-poster and wash-hand stand have evaporated altogether; in fact, not one trace is left by which the apartment can be recognised, except the little red cord attached to the bell-pull, which originally came through a slit in the tester, and now obstinately asserts its right of occupation.

Barely has a little comparative order been established, when the arrival of the rout-seats and French rolls commences a fresh series of confusion, which rapidly accumulates. The key of the china-closet was never yet known to be found when wanted; consequently, it cannot be opened; and, on the other hand, the door of the room where the supper is already lying in state cannot be shut. This casualty much delights the olive branches of the family—if any there be—who, left entirely alone, and quite overlooked in this general *mélée*, divert themselves by poking their little puddy fingers into the creams, and scooping out the insides of divers patties with a doll's

leg, until rather inclining to their quarters, they migrate thereto for the day, with all their toys. This accounts for the occasional apparition of a small soldier, or an inhabitant of Noah's ark, quivering on the top of a mould of jelly wherein it has been stuck.

By the afternoon, the *bouffonnement* of the ill-fated mansion has reached its highest point, almost participating in the appearance which a furnished baby-house would present after being rolled down stairs from the nursery to the drawing-room. At length all the preparations are completed, and a temporary quiet reigns through the house; but it is like the lull of the elements after a boisterous day in March, before it begins to rain.

It is during this short interregnum that we may expect the arrival of the green-grocer, who is to assist in waiting. He keeps the shop at the corner of the next street—exhibits five perpetual eggs in a worsted moss basket, to intimate that he sells new-laid ones—starts covered vans to Hampton Court and Epsom Races—provides 'bands' for quadrille parties—wears white cotton gloves with very long fingers, and was never known to announce a name correctly; so that what between the real servant boy—we beg his pardon, the *page*—of the establishment and himself, the astonished visitor is ushered into the room under any other appellation than his own. Next comes the young gentleman in lay-down collars and a jacket, who returned an answer of acceptance to his invitation the very evening on which he received it; and taking the time stated in the note as really meant, arrives about half an hour before the candles are lighted, and amuses himself in the dark for that period by enjoying the pleasures of anticipation, and wishing he had a needle and thread to mend one of his eighteen-penny gloves, which has burst at the seam all round the ball of his thumb. And this brings us, by concatenation, to another melancholy fact—that whenever you are going to a *réunion* where you wish your hands to look particularly white and delicate, they obstinately persist in assuming the appearance of an uncooked steak. The young gentleman is followed by the useful friend of the family—a universally-known sort of creation, half-lady half-person, who knows instinctively where the keys are always kept, and where everything is placed, from the lump-sugar to the champagne; and who has been requested by the hostess to come early and see about the tea and coffee. This attention distinguishes her from other guests, who, when the mistress of the house 'begs they will not be late,' conceive from this that they are of importance, and evince the same by dropping in about a quarter to twelve. And finally, before the grand attack upon the street-door commences, the music arrives—sometimes in the shape of a single pianist of untiring fingers and unclosing eyes—sometimes as a harp, piano, and cornopean, who are immediately installed in a corner of the room with two chairs, a music-stool, and a bottle of Marsala.

Nine o'clock strikes as the last *arcana* of the toilet are completed, and mamma and the daughters descend to the drawing-room to superintend the final arrangements before the guests arrive. At this precise period, the eldest son of the family, who was requested to be dressed and have his room all tidy by the appointed time, throws the whole household into hysterics, by giving a thundering knock at the door before any of the candles are lighted, as he comes home in an extremity of haste, but withal exceedingly jolly, from dining with some men in chambers, 'with not the least idea that it was so late.'

Every bachelor knows that the operation which women term 'putting his room to rights,' implies hiding all his things with the keenest ingenuity, so that they can never be found by any means short of a divining-rod. This is the case at present; and fresh confusion is created by the young gentleman's unceasing applications for clean towels, warm water, other boots, his governor's razors, and somebody to rout out the rings and buttons of his white waistcoat; together with various assertions over the stairs, that he can neither find his gloves, pocket-handkerchiefs, nor his all-vanquishing satin stock with the gold sprig; and to add to the general trouble, his voice is heard from his room exclaiming, 'Here's the old story, Mary; no button to the collar of my shirt!' In the midst of all this, one of the daughters, who has been peeping through the blinds, announces that a carriage stops at the door; upon which news the brother is left to shift for himself, and the servants fly down the stairs as if they were fire-escapes or Russian mountains.

The guests having arrived, a description succeeds of

#### THE PROCESS OF SINGING A SONG.

'The young lady, on being led to the piano, first throws a timid glance round the room—ostensibly to evince a gentle confusion—in reality, to see who is looking at her. She then observes to the mistress of the house, 'that she is not in very good voice, having a slight cold,' which she confirms by a faint sound, something between a sigh, a smile, and a single-knock cough. The hostess replies, 'Oh, but you always sing so delightfully.' The young lady answers, 'that she is certain she cannot this evening;' to strengthen which opinion, she makes some young gentleman exceedingly joyous by giving him her *bouquet* to hold; and, drawing off her gloves in the most approved style, tucks them behind one of the candlesticks, together with her filmy handkerchief, in such a fashion, that its deep-faced border, or embroidered name, may be seen to the best advantage.

The top of the piano, which had been opened for the quadrilles, is then shut down by an active gentleman, who pinches his fingers in the attempt; the musicians form a series of dissolving views, and disappear no one knows where, nor ever will; and the young lady takes her place at the piano. As she plays the chords of the key she is about to luxuriate in, everybody is not perfectly silent, so she finds the music-stool is too high, or too low, or something of the kind, and the pedals appear exceedingly difficult to be found. At length everything being still, she plays the symphony again, and then smiling at the hostess, and saying, 'that she is certain she shall break down,' brings out the opening note of a recitative, which makes the drops of the chandelier vibrate again, and silences a couple who are whispering all sorts of soft nothings on a *cassene* in the back drawing-room.

The natural history of the first quadrille, and of the young ladies who most do congregate at evening parties, is next detailed; and then follows an account of that phenomenon of social life—

#### THE WALLFLOWER.

'The wallflower of a party usually makes his appearance at an early period of the evening. You generally observe him as you enter the house taking off a pair of clogs, which appear difficult to unbuckle, in a corner of the hall. These he stuffs into the pocket of his greatcoat, which he artfully conceals under a chair, together with his hat; and having accomplished this undertaking to his satisfaction, he enters the refreshment-room, and in excessive trepidation asks for a cup of coffee, which he swallows 'hot without'—declining milk, cream, lump-sugar, or powdered candy, not on account of its being his custom; but because he does not exactly know which he ought to take. He next produces from his pocket a pair of kid-gloves, still enveloped in paper, the left-hand one of which he puts on with much labour, and then holds the other in it. This concluded, he announces his name, and walks up stairs, as if he was ascending the platform of the gullotine.

'Mr John Parkins' shouts a footman, and the wallflower enters. Mrs—(what shall we call the hostess? Whatever name we give her, there will be some one certain to say it is personal. We will take our own—it is a tolerably safe one)—Mrs Smith, then—an imaginary personage as regards ourselves—is engaged at the moment, and has left her station at the door; consequently, Mr Parkins walks into the centre of the room, looking very affable and mildly benevolent, with his glove still in his hand, and, not finding anybody to receive him, blushes up to his ears, blows his nose for the sake of doing something, and then sinks back to the post of the folding-doors between the front and back drawing-room—the position in which wallflowers mostly abound.

They occasionally attempt a quadrille, but they rarely waltz. Nevertheless, we once knew one who made the attempt, but then it was after supper, when they at times 'come out' in most extensive style, as a very little wine has a very great effect upon their brain. The wallflower in question had evidently miscalculated his abilities; for, after treading on his partner's toes, losing the step in the first round, getting out of the circle, and knocking the man who was playing the piano completely off the music-stool, he desisted, and reeled giddily to his seat—a melancholy instance of misdirected vanity.

The wallflowers appear, like corks in a water-butt, to have an instinctive manner of getting all together; for, after a time, they generally congregate in coteries, making small jokes and retailing third-rate anecdotes, or quips from the week before last's 'Punch,' which they applaud and admire exceedingly, until they are interrupted by an enthusiastic couple flying round to the *brandhofen*, and knocking them very unexpectedly all up in a heap together.'

We are next entertained with a full and particular narration of party suppers; and to wind up all, are finally brought to that dismal catastrophe—

#### THE END OF AN EVENING PARTY.

'About a quarter to three, the mistress becomes rather nervous, instituting a mental calculation as to how long the decreasing wax-candles will burn before they set the green ornaments on fire; and she also sees that one of the burners of the chandelier, which has been turned up three times by a tall gentleman, still looks fearfully *going-outish* through its ground-glass shade. But her politeness never forsakes her; and when, to her inexpressible joy, she sees Mr and Miss Chamberlayne advancing to bid adieu, she says, 'Oh! but you must not think of going yet—it is so very early!' and Miss Chamberlayne simpers and replies, 'Oh no; indeed it's very late, and I am sure you must be exceedingly fatigued with your exertions;' and then a young gentleman, who is engaged to Miss Chamberlayne for the next quadrille, says she must stay, and Mr Chamberlayne does not see the necessity, with which idea the hostess inwardly coincides, although she says, 'There, Mr Chamberlayne, you see it is of no use to go yet,' as his daughter walks off with her partner, and the old gentleman remains at the door until the set is finished, in a state of extreme fidget.

At length the evening draws towards its conclusion. The man at the piano, who has been up every evening, except Sundays, for the last six weeks until four and five o'clock, has played the whole of the last quadrille



with his eyes shut; and the cornet-à-piston would long ere this have dropped fast asleep had he not kept himself on the alert by the noise of his own instrument. And yet so indefatigable are some of the guests, that when their number is reduced to twenty, and half the lights have disappeared, the very joyous gentleman with his hair curled skips across the room, and intreats Mr Ledbury to form one for the Caledonians. But he has quite exhausted all his powers of dancing; and having paid his departing respects to the lady of the house, he walks down stairs, labouring under some insane expectation of finding his own hat, or madly deeming that the ticket pinned upon it corresponds with the one in his waistcoat-pocket.

The intrinsic attractions of the "Wassail-Bowl" are much enhanced by the clever illustrations which accompany the text, from the rapidly improving pencil of Mr J. Leech. The figures are well and expressively drawn, seldom exhibiting the too prevalent sin of caricature. These volumes, therefore, combining, as they do, short, sparkling, and entertaining articles, with excellent engravings—though not perhaps rigidly adapted for the formal shelves of the library—present precisely the sort of book for the lounging-room, or for the parlour-table.

### PEWS.

ONE of the religious controversies of the day, the merits of which we have not the slightest inclination to discuss, has been the means of bringing to light some curious records regarding the early history of church seats; a matter on which considerable obscurity has hitherto rested. We propose to cull a few of these notices from the various publications in which they appear.

The writers on this subject have divided it into two epochs—that before and that after the Reformation—the moot point being when pews, properly so called, were first introduced and generally used; but without discussing mere words, we shall commence by showing how worshippers were accommodated in early times, taking up the etymology of the term *pew* in our chronological progress.

In Anglo-Saxon churenes, and in some of early Norman date, there was a stone bench running round the whole of the interior, except the east end; an arrangement sometimes continued even in decorated churches, as in Exeter cathedral, and in late Tudor, as in North Petherton, Somersetshire, and in King's College chapel. This might be presumed to have been intended for the accommodation of a part of the people attending worship; and perhaps it was so; although there is also some ground for supposing that it was, in a great measure, a mere peculiarity of architecture, some churches having the same kind of bench on the outside. It may be remarked, that its running round the whole interior, except the east end, is no disproof of its having been designed for the congregation, as might be supposed from the laity having latterly been forbidden to enter the chancel, for such a rule does not appear to have existed in the Anglo-Saxon church: at least such is the natural inference from the 44th constitution of King Edgar, published in A.D. 960: "And we ordain that no woman shall approach the altar while the mass is being celebrated." This, of course, implies that at any other time a woman might do so.

Judging from Anglo-Saxon illuminations, the people generally sat on low, rude, three-legged stools, placed dispersedly over the church. But a writer in the *British Critic*\* very justly observes, that sitting on the ground or standing were then much more common postures than now. "In a manuscript," says he, "in the Harleian Library in the British Museum, dated A.D. 1319, is represented Archbishop Arundel preaching to the people from a pulpit, raised about two feet from the ground, his cross-bearer standing by his side, and his hearers all sitting on the ground. A copy is given in Strutt's 'Antiquities.' In the 'Pictorial History of England,' after a short account of the rise of the mendicant orders, there is a drawing without date, but probably belonging to the fifteenth century, of a friar preaching from a moveable pulpit. In this instance, the scene is probably not in a church, and the ground appears to be covered with branches of trees or plants; but still the posture represented goes to confirm the supposition of that being customary in churches." The usual covering for the floors of churches, and, indeed, of private houses in those times, was rushes.

Wooden seats appear to have been introduced soon after the Norman Conquest. In Bishop Grosstete's injunctions (1240), it is ordered that the patron may be indulged with a stall in the choir. And in the twelfth chapter of a synod at Exeter, held by Bishop Quivil in the year 1287, we read as follows:—"We have also heard that the parishioners of divers places do oftentimes wrangle about their seats in church, two or more claiming the same seat; whence arises great scandal to the church, and the divine offices are sore let and hindered: wherefore we decree, that none shall henceforth call any seat in the church his own, save noblemen and patrons; but he who shall first enter shall take his place where he will." Thus, it appears that the seeds of the modern system were sown in the church as early as the thirteenth century,

for "noblemen and patrons" were allowed to have seats of their own. The next innovation presents itself as we advance nearer the Reformation. Wooden seats begin in some instances to have cross-bars by way of doors. In Bishop's Hull are some very fine and completely open wood-seats, bearing date 1530; so there are in Crowcombe, Somersetshire, and Bourne, Cambridgeshire, both 1534; and in Milverton, Somersetshire (though very poor), 1540. That these seats were in some instances appropriated, is plain from the fact of initials being sometimes marked on them; as in Stogumber, and also in Hurspierpoint, Sussex.

We now come to the Reformation, when the change of the forms of worship almost necessarily implied a change in the arrangements for the congregation. The daily prayers, instead of being read at the altar, were now repeated by the minister in "a little tabernacle of wainscot provided for the purpose;" otherwise a reading desk. We soon after find allusions in our popular literature to pews, or *pues*, as the word was then spelt.\* Thus, Shakespeare has the following line in Richard III.,

"And makes her *pue-fellow* with others moan."

Of a character in Decker's "Westward Hoe," it is said, that "being one day in church, she made moan to her *pue-fellow*." Bishop Andrews uses the expression in one of his sermons (1596); and in a supplication of the poor Commons addressed to Henry VIII., in 1546, on the subject of the Bibles lately put up in every church, it is complained, that "for where your highness gave commandment that they should so that there were in every parish church within your highness' realm one Bible at the least set at liberty, so that every man might freely come to it, and read therein such things as should be for his consolation, many of this wicked generation, as well preests as other their faithful adherents, would pluck it other into the quyre, other into some *pue*, where poor men durst not presume to come."

That pews existed immediately after the Reformation, thus clearly appears; but a question remains as to the nature of the seats which were so called. Etymologically, a *pew* is anything which gives support, or a seat of any kind. Was the sense of the term thus general in 1546, or did it refer to those particular enclosed or box-like seats which are now recognised in England as pews? It seems to us that, either now, or at least immediately after, the term had come to be restricted to such enclosed seats. And history makes us aware of reasons for such enclosures coming then into demand. The forms prescribed for worship were then rigid dictates of the law, against which many persons of puritanical tendencies were disposed, as far as they safely could, to rebel. The order, still to be found in the canons of the English church, that "whenever, in any lesson, sermon, or otherwise, the name of Jesus shall be in the church pronounced, due reverence be made of all persons, young and old, with lowness of courtesy and uncovering of the heads of the men-kind, as thereunto doth necessarily belong, and heretofore hath been accustomed," was particularly obnoxious to that party, by whom it was considered as a sort of idol worship. Another injunction to which they objected, was that for standing up at the saying of the *Gloria Patri*. By having high enclosed seats, they were screened from the observation of those officers whose duty it was to report if any one disobeyed the behests of the law. The need for pews, thus commenced in the early days of the reformed church, was continued during the Stuart reigns, and it accordingly appears that pews were much multiplied during that period. About 1608, galleries were introduced into churches. In that year, St Mary the Greater, at Cambridge, was *scaffolded*, that is, galleried. In 1610, a gallery was erected at the west end of the collegiate church of Wolverhampton, by the Merchant Tailors' Company. It rests on two arabesquely-carved uprights, which join on to the piers; the upper part, as in most early instances, is banistered, and contains four panels, two bearing shields, and two inscribed with texts from Holy Scripture.

So well established were pews in 1611, that we find, from the following ludicrous entry, they were even then baized. In the accounts of St Margaret's, London, is an item of sixpence, "paid to Goodwyfe Wells, for salt to destroy the fleas in the church-warden's pew." In the book of another London parish, a few years later, it is recorded that "Mr Doctor has his pew trymed with green sate." From another record (1620), we learn that the sexes were separated in different pews, for a certain Mr Loveday was reported for sitting in the same pew with his wife, "which being held to be highly indecent," he was ordered to appear, but failing to do so, Mr Chancellor was made acquainted with his obstinacy. The matter was finally compromised by Mr Doctor's giving him a seat in his pew; the comfortable luxury of "green sate" no doubt compensating uxorious Mr Loveday for the loss of his wife's company. The march of comfort and decoration proceeded rapidly, as may be seen from a passage in a sermon preached by the witty Bishop Corbett of Norwich two years afterwards (1622). "Stately pews," he says, "are now become taber-

naeles, with rings and curtains to them. There wants nothing but beds to hear the word of God on: we have casements, locks and keys, and cushions, I had almost said bolsters and pillows, and for those we love the church. I will not guess what is done within them; who sits, stands, or lies asleep at prayers, communion, &c.; but this I dare say, they are either to hide some vice, or to proclaim one; to hide disorder, or to proclaim pride."† The reasons for heightening the sides of pews ceased with the power of Charles I., and from the civil war they gradually declined, until they reached their present comparatively moderate elevation.

It is generally understood, though we can present no certain authority on the subject, that fixed church seats scarcely existed in Scotland before the reign of Charles I. People were in the habit of bringing seats with them to sit upon in church. It is stated that, at the riot in the High Church of Edinburgh, in 1637, on the occasion of introducing a liturgy, the chief agents in the tumult were servant women, "who were in the custom of bringing moveable seats to church, and keeping them for their masters and mistresses."‡ Humbler people brought little clasp stools for their accommodation, and it was such an article that the famous Jenny Geddes threw on that occasion at the dean's head—the first weapon, and a formidable one it was, employed in the civil war. The more formal seating of churches which now exists in Scotland may be presumed to have gradually sprung up in the course of the few years during which that war lasted, a time remarkable beyond all that went before it for attendance on religious ordinances, and the space of time devoted to them, it being by no means unusual in those days to spend six hours at once in church. Very few notices of the church accommodation of this time are to be found; but it appears from the Presbytery records of Perth under 1645, that a dispute then arose between the magistrates and kirk-session of that town, "anent the unorderly extraction of a seat forth of the kirk." In the rural districts of Scotland, the seats of the established churches are generally divided amongst the land proprietors for the use of themselves and their tenantry; but in some of the large towns they are let by the magistracy, and are a source of considerable revenue.

The propriety of having a large part of the area of every church appropriated by affluent persons, who perhaps make little use of the privilege, has lately been questioned by a party of the English clergy; and an effort is now making to have pews everywhere abolished. The bishops of London and Hereford have declared for this object in their respective charges to their clergy.

### BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

#### JAMES BARRY THE PAINTER.†

JAMES BARRY was of humble parentage. He was born at Cork on the 11th October 1741. His father commanded a species of half hooker, half fishing-boat, that coasted from Cork to Kinsale, or loitered about the exquisite scenery of the harbour and river of the "beautiful city." "Commanded" is a high-sounding word applied to one who worked the craft with his rough hands, sometimes assisted by a man and a couple of boys—one of them his own son, in after times the most self-sacrificing and devoted painter of whom the kingdom boasts. The firm-hearted child drew inspiration from the beauties of the southern coasts, and copied the passing scenes with charred stick upon the deck of his father's vessel. "An idle young dog," he was called, and "an obstinate," for he would either do nothing, or do what he liked; and his only liking was to lie along the deck, sketching, as I have said, with burnt stick, the groups or effects which struck his fancy.

"It is you who have ruined him," exclaimed the rough sailor Barry to his wife. "As you brew, so you may bake. Keep him at home, and make a scholar of him; he's fit for nothing else."

And so to school the boy was sent, where, if he did not learn the purest-sounding English, he acquired, as Irish boys do, even at hedge-schools, a knowledge and a deep love of classic poetry; while his love of art, drawn in with the air he breathed upon his native shores, assumed daily a more tangible form, and he pictured forth, upon the doors and walls, rude sketches of *Eneas* escaping with his family from the sack of Troy, and other illustrations of classic subjects which, according to the vague memoirs that remain of his childish days, elicited the admiration of his schoolmates and the reproofs of his master. As he increased in years, his love for art became more confirmed; he, however, maintained a perpetual war with circumstances, and became stronger in the contest. His father opposed him. His mother, from anxiety for his health, or dread of fire, stole away his candle, so that he could neither read nor draw at night, and annoyed him with misplaced fears

\* Swift has illustrated the sleeping accommodation offered in pews by the following lines:—

A bedstead of the antique mode,  
Compact of timber many a load,  
Such as our ancestors did use,  
Was metamorphosed into pews;  
Which still their ancient nature keep,  
By lodging folks disposed to sleep.

† History of the Rebellions in Scotland from 1636 to 1660. Constable's Miscellany.

‡ Abridged from "The Art-Union," a monthly journal of the fine arts. This work is conducted with great spirit and impartiality, and should be read by all who take an interest in the progress of British art.

\* The etymology of the word is traced by Duange (Glossary, s. v. iii. 332) to the Latin *podium*, which meant, in the Latin of the middle ages, anything on which we lean. From it the old French word *puep*, the modern *appui* (support), and the English *pue*, or *per*, are derived.



and foolish wishes. Parching for information, he had no money to buy books, and actually transcribed such as he could borrow. Seeking only the society of such as could give him information, his startling zeal, his industry, the influence, in every rank of life, which a feeling of self-dependence attains and exercises over subaltern minds, tended, unfortunately, to fix habits which had no opportunity of refinement, and whose influence marred his success all through life. An important event in the life of Barry now occurred. This was the first public exhibition of his works. When he accompanied his pictures to Dublin, and saw them—the work of his own untaught hand, the children of his creation—hung upon their walls by the Society for the Encouragement of Arts and Manufactures, he went back to his inn confident of success: and yet his heart surely beat more quickly than usual, when on the first day of the exhibition he mingled with the crowd, which, to his delight, he noted gathered round his picture of “The Baptism of the King of Cashel.” Here was cause for exultation. At first the people murmured their applause; then way was made for one—Edmund Burke—whose taste was never disputed, whose eye was kind as keen, one in whom all men believed, as well they might; and then, again, the crowd enclosed the picture, and listened for his opinion. Warmly, generously, was it given, and murmurs of approbation swelled into upraised tones of praise. One asked another *who* was the painter? *Where* was he? Could no one tell who he was? And then the youth felt the hot blood rushing to his brow. He, the unknown stranger, the ill-dressed pallid boy, small of stature, and whose expressive features were marked by that which destroys beauty, could contain his fierce delight no longer. “I am the painter!” he exclaimed from amid the crowd. “You? a boy? impossible!” was the reply from many lips. “It is my picture,” he added, “and I can paint a better.” But when Edmund Burke advanced to congratulate him, he was overpowered; the mob’s congratulations and astonishment gratified his pride, but the praise of Edmund Burke shook his heart: he burst into a sudden gush of tears, covered his face with his hands, and rushed from the room.

One of the members of the old Irish parliament told me, that when the picture, which created such a sensation, was afterwards hung in the House of Commons, some complained that it interfered with the business of the House, drawing off the members from their duties. For once, Irishmen appreciated the produce of their own country. But there is no opportunity of judging of its merits now; it was consumed in a fire soon after its achievement of so honourable a distinction. It is impossible not to imagine how the young painter must have felt in society with Burke and Langrishe, Lord Charlemont, Flood, Burgh, and all the brilliancy of Dublin, as it was in that golden age of eloquence. What a change from the small tenement in Watergrass-lane, in Cork, which, when I visited it some months ago, it was great courtesy to call a house!—what a change from his father’s taunts, his mother’s gentle, but wearying fairs!—what a confirmation of the hopes of those who knew better than his parents—especially Dr Sleight, who introduced him to Burke; and I have heard that Barry never presented the letter until after his pictures had introduced themselves!

Some time afterwards, Barry went to Rome; and it is painful, though interesting and useful, to contemplate, after the lapse of a very few years, the turmoil of his mind during his residence there: now exulting in the glories of the fifteenth century—now, amid the debris of a past empire, quarrelling with the pitiful dealers in manufactured rubbish, whether of canvass or opinion, throwing down a scorching gauntlet amid a tribe of irritating mercenaries, who dared not take it up in fair combat, but who, stung in their only vulnerable part—the traffic of their calling—by the young impetuous Irishman’s keen observation and brave exposition of their faults and forgeries, laid ready hold of his want of temper and discretion, and worried the chafed lion until his dignity was forgotten. And then it was, when James Barry, yielding to the natural combativeness and bitterness of his temper—which, be it remembered in strong extenuation, had never been curbed or managed in his youth—then it was that Edmund Burke addressed to the young painter the following letter:—

“That you have had just subjects of indignation always, and anger often, I do in no ways doubt. Who can live in the world without some trial of his patience? But believe me, my dear Barry, that the arms with which the ill dispositions of the world are to be combated, and the qualities by which it is to be reconciled to us, and we to it, are moderation, gentleness, a little indulgence to others, and a great distrust of ourselves, which are not qualities of a mean spirit, as some may possibly think them, but virtues of a great and noble kind, and such as dignify our nature as much as they contribute to our repose and fortune; for nothing can be so unworthy of a well-composed soul, as to pass away life in bickerings and litigations, in snarling and scuffling with every one about us. Again and again, dear Barry, we must be at peace with our species; if not for their sakes, yet very much for our own.”

Here is the great senator’s picture of a great painter’s ruin:—“You will come here; you will observe what the artists are doing, and you will sometimes speak a disapprobation in plain words, and sometimes in a no less expressive silence. By degrees you will produce some of your own works; they will be variously criticised; you will defend them; you will abuse those who have attacked you; expostulations, discussions, letters, possibly challenges, will go forward; you will shun your brethren; they will shun you. In the meantime, gentlemen will avoid your friendship, for fear of being engaged in your quarrels; you will fall into distresses, which will only aggravate your disposition for future quarrels; you will be obliged, for maintenance, to do anything for anybody.” This was Mr Burke’s only mistake. Barry “did not do anything for anybody,” but he did “go out of the world fretted, disappointed, and ruined!”

After his return to England, he became involved, as his friend had too truly anticipated, in various quarrels. Even Burke shrunk from his side, rather than lose the friendship of the “gentle Sir Joshua.” His person was neglected; and he permitted slothful and uncleanly habits to disgust others, and in earnest his mind, as they always do, and must do. Still, grieved as we are, and ought to be, to see part of anything so noble disarranged—far more, in ruin—it is impossible to pause, with the light of his full glory upon us, to pick notes out of sunbeams. Let us think upon the greatness of this man in what constitutes all that is great—self-denial.

I have heard some say “they cannot live and draw cartoons.” Barry commenced his prodigious labour in the Adelphi with sixteen shillings in his pocket, with the previous and positive certainty, that if the offer he was about to make were accepted, he must live hard, live mean, dress coarsely, not for a week, a month, a year, but for many years of his life. He lived through bitter privations to work out his plan, bequeathing to his country in this series of pictures, illustrative of the progress of man from a savage to a civilised state, the pure lesson, “That the attainment of happiness, individual as well as public, depends on the development, proper cultivation, and perfection of the human faculties, physical and moral, which are so well calculated to lead human nature to its true rank, and the glorious part assigned to it by Providence.” He was a martyr to his morose, ascetic nature; but he was a still greater martyr to the theory that art, before it can be honourable to England, required to devote itself fully to historic compositions. Imagine this man, strong-hearted and enthusiastic as he was, working from day-dawn until sunset at those pictures, which he, an artist, poor in all things save God’s gift of genius, was giving—presenting for nothing—to the richest country in Europe. Fancy him, having wiped the damps of labour from his brow, returning to his wretched and dilapidated “home” in Castle Street, where the rent walls admitted the wind, and the shattered roof let in the rain, and there, companioned by poverty, in solitude, engraving by the light of a solitary candle, that he might not starve.

But, to my mind, the saddest thing of all was, when gaunt and yellow misery so stared him in the face, that he was forced thereby to apply to one Sir George Saville, a leading member of this society, for whose advancement he was pouring out his genius, to communicate his situation to his brethren for a small subscription, to enable him to exist until he had finished the undertaking. The appeal was vain! Nay, he could hardly obtain the stipulated allowance for models and colours. At last, perhaps, the dread of his funeral, or the disgrace of his starvation, stirred their blood, and they doled him out two fifty guineas—and two hundred when his seven years’ labour was completed. To have taken anything from them must indeed have crushed his generous heart; for generous his heart was.

His friends afterwards raised by subscription a thousand pounds, and the late Sir Robert Peel granted him an annuity. Here was another heart-crushing to the painter—he who had lived upon what others would have died on, to be given what he would far rather earn. Of all mortal cups, this must be the hardest to drink up, even when held to the lips by the fleshless hand of stern necessity. Still, it supplied what he considered competence; and during the years which passed after his expulsion from the academy, he had grown less ungentle and unyielding. His real character became better developed, for he had ceased to be disturbed by councils or committees. Still, a large picture grew slowly under his hand; nor had he, at any time, that “dashing alacrity” of execution which distinguished many of the old Italian masters, and renders all but miraculous the rapidity of thought and execution of Mæliæ, the fellow-townsmen of Barry, and in many respects the superior of Barry as an artist. Barry laboured unceasingly at his engravings; but mused, more than he painted, over his pictures. Dining at a cheap house, he was seized with sudden and violent illness: death had given the unerring blow, and his heart quivered under the shock. He was borne to the door of his lonely dwelling, and it could not be opened—some of those evil urethrics who run about the streets had plugged the key-hole with pebbles. The night was dark and cold, and, shivering with disease, Barry was carried to another abode. He was one of those strong men who cannot bear their weakness to be known. In his strange room he locked himself for forty hours, bearing his physical agony, it would seem, unheeded. At last he strayed out to make his complaint, and the physician sent him to his friends, Mr and Mrs Bonomi, who now managed to receive him into their house. The struggle was strong, but not terrible. He was a Christian here to the last, talking cheerfully and kindly to those around him, anticipating, but not fearing, death. If he had summoned the same mild fortitude to his aid through life, he would have lived a happier man—happier and more useful, for his powers would have been doubled, increasing by the exercise of the properties and snarities which away, and ought to away, society; and adding unto admiration love, the combination would have given greater might into his single hands than was ever possessed by any British painter. He lingered for ten or fifteen days, and expired on the 22d February 1806.

Barry was an author as well as painter, and published an “Inquiry into the Real and Imaginary Obstructions to the Acquisition of the Arts in England.” He was also involved in a paper war with the Royal Academy, and with the Dilettanti Society.

#### THE “DARNLEY JEWEL.”

THE newspapers have lately been circulating the following account of this much-talked-of relic:—

“This very curious piece of workmanship of the 16th century, which formed one of the finest gems of the collection at Strawberry-hill, and which was purchased at the sale there last summer by Mr Farrer of Wardour Street, for a large sum, has just been bought by her Majesty at the price, it is said, of 200 guineas.

It was about to be sold to a foreign collector, who is in possession of the celebrated iron ring of the unfortunate husband of Mary Queen of Scots, when the good taste of her Majesty rescued it, and it is now amongst the royal jewels of England, as formerly it was amongst the royal jewels of Scotland. It is the identical jewel worn by Lord Darnley. It was made by order of Lady Margaret Douglas, his mother, in memory of her husband, Matthew Stuart, Earl of Lennox and Regent of Scotland, who was murdered by the party who opposed him in religion. The jewel, which is of exquisite workmanship, is of fine gold, in the form of a heart, about two inches long and nearly two inches in breadth. On the surface, which opens in front, there is a coronet, in which are three small rubies and an emerald. Under the coronet there is a sapphire in the shape of a heart, with wings of ruby, emerald, and sapphire. The coronet is supported by Victory and Patience. There are also two figures on the jewel, representing Faith and Hope. The robes of all these figures, which are very elaborate, are of ruby and sapphire enamelling. There is the following legend:—

‘Sal obtine Victorie in yair Pretence,  
Quia hopsi still constantly with Patience.

The coronet and little heart may be both opened up from below; within the coronet are three letters in cipher, ‘M. L. S.’ with a crown of laurel over them. On the reverse of the coronet within are two hearts joined and pierced by two arrows, bound by a wreath with a legend, ‘Quhat we Resolve.’ When the little heart is opened, a skull and two bones are seen, and two hands holding a label, from which hangs a horn with the rest of the legend, ‘Death sal dissolve.’ On the other side of the jewel is the sun shining on a heliotropium, or sunflower, beautifully enamelled; the moon and stars are also represented. There are a salamander in the flames, a pelican feeding her young with her blood, a shepherd, a traveller, a dog, and a bird, and a phoenix, all emblematical, with a legend—

‘My stait to them I may compeer  
For you quha is of Bontes rare.’

When the whole heart is opened, on the reverse are seen two men in Roman armour fighting; an executioner holding a woman by the hair with a cuttle axe, as about to decapitate her; two frightful jaws, out of which issue three spectres in flames. The figure of Time is seen drawing a naked figure, supposed to be Truth, from a well; and a female on a throne, with a fire in which many crosses are burning. There are three legends, ‘Ze seem al my Pleur,’ ‘Tym gaves al leir,’ and ‘Gar tell my Relaes.’ The whole is exquisitely worked, and is one of the most extraordinary remains of the art of the age.”

It cannot escape the notice of many of our readers, that there is a serious blunder in respect of chronology in this account. The Earl of Lennox was killed four or five years subsequently to his son Lord Darnley, so that, if this jewel was made on the occasion of his death, it never could have belonged to the unhappy youth whose alliance to Queen Mary forms so dismal a chapter in our history. We take leave to remark, that the history of the jewel seems to require further elucidation.

#### CHILDREN’S EMPLOYMENT COMMISSION.

##### EAST OF SCOTLAND.

OUR readers are doubtless aware that, during the last few years, certain individuals have been publicly commissioned to examine into the condition of children and young persons generally employed in works, *not of the character of what are specially called factories*, in various parts of the United Kingdom, and that, after no small labour, the reports of the commissioners have been drawn up and laid before parliament. We have thus a valuable pendant to the reports of the Factory Children’s Commission, presented some years ago; and it may be now said that our information respecting the part taken by the young generally in the labours of this hard-working country is as nearly complete as such means can make it. The picture here given is perhaps even more striking than that presented of the factory children, for it shows the very wide prevalence of a premature application to labour; an error not confined to any district, but spread over the whole kingdom. As not one in a hundred of our readers will by any chance ever see a copy of these reports, we propose to give them a general glimpse of their contents.

It is of little consequence which report we first take up; but for the sake of beginning at home, we may start with that of “Robert Hugh Franks, Esq., on the Employment and Treatment of Children and Young Persons in Manufactures in the East of Scotland.” Mr Franks, as it appears, visited the paper-mills, print-fields, bleach-fields, nail-works, glass and iron works, potteries, &c., in Aberdeenshire, Forfarshire, Stirlingshire, and the Lothians, including some tobacco and other manufactories in Edinburgh. At these different establishments, children from eight or nine to fourteen and fifteen years of age are employed in considerable numbers, labouring from ten to thirteen hours a-day, and at wages generally averaging from 2s. to 4s. weekly. At the paper-mills, and some other works in the rural districts, the labour was not found burdensome, while the means of education and religious improvement were in few instances wanting; but in other kinds of manufacture, a less favourable state of things was disclosed. The nail-works at Camelon and St Ninians, Stirlingshire, were decidedly the worst for juvenile labourers. We shall allow Mr Franks to give his own observations on this branch of his subject.

“The competition in this particular branch of manufacture is, as I am informed, so great, that, in order to



produce a remunerative profit to the manufacturer, it has been found necessary to reduce the wages of labour to the lowest possible amount; the consequence of which has been, that the employment of infant labour, even of the early age of six years, is now very considerable. The child, in the first place, squares the rod of heated iron of which the nails are formed, that is, flattens the rod equally on four sides; the hammer, in striking off the required length of rod, by a little ingenuity at the same time points the nail, which, being received into, and firmly held by, a small pair of iron block pincers, is slanted or headed to the required form by repeated blows of the hammer on a small portion of the rod left exposed for that purpose; this process is executed with great rapidity, and I was informed by several of the nail-makers that three months' teaching was sufficient to enable an infant to accomplish the manufacture of 1000 nails per day, provided they were (as it is termed) tasked, of which 'tasking' it may be necessary here to give some explanation; the first task is up to 'porridge-time' (a general name for their first meal), during which time they have to complete never less than 250, frequently 350 nails. The second task is up to 'tatoes and herring', from 300 to 500 nails; and the third task up to broth or tea time, the number requisite to complete the entire 1000 or 1250 nails, as is required of boys who have been two or three years at the work. But even this last meal does not put a close to their labours, as the men frequently work till ten or eleven o'clock at night, assisted by their infant apprentices, who recommence their toil at five or six the next morning.

Such is a plain and unexaggerated statement of the exhausting labour of these infant slaves, who strongly evidence the nature of their toil from their emaciated looks and stunted growth; clothed, too, in apparel which few paupers would be found begging in; of these rags they have rarely any change. I visited the nail-works at Camelon, and on being shown through the respective workshops, my attention was much struck by the miserable appearance of these wretched boys, several of whom I examined at the cottages of the workmen by whom they were employed, or under whose charge they were, or to whom they had been handed over by the proprietors, as will be hereafter shown; and by reference to the evidence collected by me on the collieries and iron-works of this district, although I have reason to believe the boys were restricted from speaking the whole truth, you will be enabled to collect the results of my investigation. The miserable condition of the children generally, their want of clothing, education, health, together with their squalid and neglected condition, induced me to make more minute inquiries as to what class of the labouring poor they could possibly belong, for certainly in no other manufactory in Scotland, or elsewhere, had I witnessed a scene so painful. I at length discovered that these unfortunate children were apprenticed at very early ages by the Houses of Refuge of Edinburgh and Glasgow, and bound for a term of six or seven years to the proprietors of the works, who, upon receiving the children, handed them over (for I should not be justified in using the legal term *turn-over*) to those of their men who had room for their services; these men continued to work them until they either ran away or struggled through their six or seven years' drudgery, without any apparent care for their welfare, either on the part of those to whom they were legally bound, or those by whom they had been apprenticed. The master-nailer in great works has frequently two, three, and four apprentices handed over in this manner to him by the proprietor, and I presume he is understood to bind himself to the performance of those duties to the lads which are imposed by the indentures on the master, namely, not only to teach and instruct the apprentice in the nail-points and articles of the trade, but also to furnish him with meat, clothing, bedding, and washing, during the term of the apprenticeship. These boys rarely exceed seven or eight years of age; and it may fairly be said that they are starved into quickness at their work, as their meals depend on the quantity of work done.

We now turn to a few of the personal examinations of these nailer children and their employers.

"Andrew Nammyth, 9 years old: Works with father and brother at Mr Gunn's nail-shop; has done so nine months; starts at six in the morning, and lays by at seven, eight, and nine at night. Makes fourpenny nails; has to make 200 before porridge-time, 400 between porridge and the tatoes and herring, and other 400 before night. I have no clothes but what I stand in, as mother is dead, and we have all been down with the fever. Have no holidays but half Saturday; and I get a haubee at times on the pay-days when I have worked hard. Was in the A B C book before I came to work. [Cannot read; scarcely knows the first six letters in the alphabet.]

Thomas Stenhouse, 11 or 12 years old: I have been here three years and two months at the nails, and am with David Jenkins; I was brought for him from the House of Refuge, Edinburgh, by a neighbouring blacksmith, who came to Edinburgh to get a boy or two for himself, and as Rob. Weir had run away from David, he brought me from the house. I could not read when first brought here, but master has taught me to read in the twopenny spell [which he reads very badly in]. I make 1500 fourpenny clasp-nails daily, and have to do my tasks before each meal. I get a good clap on the lug now and then when I do the right thing, which I cannot help, as we are o'er-sore wrought. I have no clothes fit for the kirk, therefore I gang about the fields on Sabbaths.

David Jenkins, nailer: I am the master of Thomas Stenhouse, am thinking the boy must be twelve years of age, or thereabouts; he has been with me three years and upwards. A namesake of mine brought him from Edinburgh, where he had been for some boys for himself. The Edinburgh folk send their boys in very shabby condition, only the old clothes they wear and a Bible, which he could not read; am just teaching the lad his reading. Our work is very long; no men work so steadily on such long hours as we do; our prices are so much reduced,

that we must get the work out of some one; as food has increased in price so our wages have lowered: in 1825, for 1000 twopenny nails I had 1s. 11d.; in 1835, for same quality, 1s. 3d., and now only 1s. 1d.; in 1835 oatmeal was only 16s. 6d. a bush, and now it is above L.1.

Edward Hall, 8 years old: Began to work at nails four months since; can make 1000 now; work for grandfather, who is teaching me, as father is dead. I get porridge after the first quarter is made, and other meal after 400 more, and finish the rest by seven or eight at night. We begin work at six in the morning, and I feel very wearied by the lay-by time, as never leave off till my number is made. I wash my face on Sabbath days, and have another shirt and pair of breeks, and granny is going to give me a new jacket on Saturday. I gang to an old nailer at breakfast and dinner hour to learn to read; grandfather pays him 2d. a-week, and I am in the sixpenny spell. [Just knows the letters.]

David Watson, 15 years old: Wrought six years at the nails; brother and I work to support mother; we make our 1000 each daily, and work regularly; we could do more, but we should often be laid idle with fatigue. It now takes us from six in the morning till nine at night to complete our complement. I have not been to school or kirk since working, as have no other clothes, mother being entirely dependent on our labour, as father has been dead six years. [Reads very well, and writes fairly; very industrious youth, of weakly aspect.]

John Turnbull, nail-maker: The custom of employing pauper children at Camelon is bad in the extreme; they are starved, and obliged to rove about for food. Few inhabitants like to set potatoes in the neighbourhood, as they are torn up by the nailers' boys before they are ripe.

And so on with the evidence of sundry others, generally bringing out the fact, that there is no lack of schools or churches, but that such is the destitute condition of the people, that they cannot allow their children to attend the former, as they require their labour, nor can they attend the latter for lack of decent clothing. William Farquhar, nail-maker at Camelon, mentions that "the lowness of wages keeps men perpetually at the anvil; few full men carry away more than 7s. or 7s. 6d. a-week." Saving for old age, let alone provision for social improvement, in such a state of things, is altogether out of the question.

From the evidence of Dr George Hamilton, Falkirk, we extract the following interesting passages on the diseases prevalent among the iron-working population of Stirlingshire:—

"The diseases prevalent among the workmen in this neighbourhood, so far as they are peculiar, it will be convenient to class under two heads: 1st, those employed in our foundries and coal-mines; and 2dly, those employed in our nail-works. The first are not subject, as far as I am aware, to any other peculiar disease than that which the workmen call 'black-spit,' the profession 'spurious melanosis.' I have not seen or known of any instances of this disease except in adults, and it seems to require some peculiarities of constitution to produce it. A considerable amount of the black deposit in the lungs does not seem to be incompatible with the enjoyment of tolerable health, but I cannot speak with precision as to its tendency to shorten life. I should think, upon the whole, that it is not great. I have met with it incidentally several times, where the patient had died of other diseases, but only once during eight years that I have practised extensively in this district has death occurred to me purely from this cause, and in that instance the person had been employed upwards of forty years as a moulder in Carron; one-fourth part of some portions of his lungs was ascertained to be pure charcoal. I have known, however, of several other cases which have occurred in the district. I think the colliers are rather more subject than others to asthma; at any rate, those who are asthmatic complain most of its aggravation when the air in the pit is foul."

The degree of ignorance manifested by the young persons at most of the works visited, will appal those who are not in the custom of coming in contact with the lower and neglected classes. Take the following as examples among many:—

Edinburgh and Leith Glass Company's works, parish of South Leith. "James Moir, about 13 years old, putter-up: Been four years at glass-works; work as long as men work; sometimes earn 4s. in the week. Father works in the gas-works. Only been to school two weeks. Sometimes have got burned in the feet; never off. The work is very hard, especially when the pots are long in being emptied. Been to kirk; never heard of the Testament nor who Jesus Christ is; think swearing and telling lies is no good; do not know what month Hansel-Monday is in, but know Hansel-Monday is a holiday. [Very ignorant.]

Thomas Donaldson, 13 years old, taker-in: I have been two years in the glass-house; my employment is to take in the bottles from the men after they are blown; it is hot, hard work, and am frequently burned in my feet; work twelve and sometimes sixteen hours, as long as the metal lasts; earn 4s. a-week—if long hours, 1s. and 1s. 6d. more. Always get porridge and dinner sent. Was at school for some years; nearly forgotten all but the reading. [Cannot read very well, and appeared to have totally forgotten the use of figures.]

Leith pottery, same parish. "Ellen Bain, 11 years old, taker-off: Began to work here two months ago; have been at pottery-work before when at Glasgow; my employment is to take off to a thrower, and do so twelve hours daily, sometimes more; never all night. My wages are 2s. 6d. a-week. I am never very much fatigued, but am glad to get away. Was at school at Greenock and Glasgow; go to the Sabbath-school; there are ten commandments; God gave them to Adam, who built the ark; Adam wrote the Proverbs; 3 times 5 = 20, and 5 times 3 = 15. [Reads very well.]

Elizabeth McLeish, 14 years old, lathe-turner: I am a lathe; have done since here; cannot say how long it is nor how I like it. I used to work in the fields, but I could not get 2s. 6d. a-week as I now do. I have been to John Smith's night-school three weeks. Never heard of Jesus Christ.

Mary Capron, 12 years old, assistant: Assist mother to make balls or marbles in the pottery; have done so some years; can't say how many; it may be four. Mother works, and did so when we were in Glasgow, as father drinks hard; master will not let him work in the pottery now. Was at school a little ago, and learned to spell; cannot spell my own name yet. I get 2s. 6d. a-week; can't say how much mother earns. I have eight brothers, and one sister eighteen years of age. When I have clothes I go to kirk; go there sometimes; do not know why I go; have heard of God, and think he was the first man. There is a big river at Glasgow, but I never heard its name; I know the Broomielaw, where the big ships are. I think three fives will make thirteen; there are six days in the week, and one Sabbath."

At the tobacco manufactories in Aberdeen, the state of affairs is much the same—long hours of labour, small wages, hard living, rags, wretchedness, and ignorance. The condition of the tobacco working children in Edinburgh is, on the whole, better as respects means for mental improvement. Speaking of these factories generally, Mr Franks observes:—

"Children under nine years of age earn 16d. to 18d. per week; under twelve, about 2s. per week; and if very useful at pointing and stripping, will earn from 2s. 6d. to 3s. 6d. per week. Their hours of labour, in well-regulated factories, rarely exceed twelve hours a-day; but in many of the minor works they are employed fourteen or sixteen hours daily."

In most of the works the education of these children appears to me to be grossly neglected; but in the Old Town of Edinburgh, the establishment of Messrs Richardson, of the Westbow, deserves particular notice, as exemplifying the solicitude of the proprietors for the welfare of those employed under them.

In connexion with the works first mentioned, these gentlemen have established a night-school, wherein the children are instructed in reading, writing, and arithmetic, free of charge: the spinners, who are, for the most part, well-instructed men, take charge of the boys, who are arranged in four classes. 1st, Those who can read the penny book; 2d, the twopenny book; 3d, the spelling-book; and 4th, the readers in the collections, or other entertaining books. After their lessons, the boys are assembled in the leaf-room, and there are instructed in singing such songs as are agreed on by the masters from cards provided by the teachers. I personally attended one of these little concerts, and was much pleased with the good time kept in the singing, and the general cleanliness of the young company. Here I also found a well-selected library of several hundred volumes of entertaining works, which are lent to all employed in the factory. The children, though of various sects, were not allowed to be taught sectarian principles; indeed the regulations of the establishment expressly forbid it, it being thereby enjoined that the moral teaching shall consist of 'Obedience to the Divine commands, respect for the law of the land, and brotherly love to each other and to all mankind.'

There exists also at Edinburgh a school known by the name of the Tobacco Boys' School, which was founded by William Ford, a benevolent workman, who was foreman in a tobacco-manufactory in that town some thirty years since, who, perceiving the destitute and ignorant state of the children employed in this branch of labour, first commenced by instructing twenty or thirty boys, collected from the different works, at his own lodgings. The numbers increased so fast, that he was afterwards compelled to engage a room for this purpose, the rent and lighting of which was defrayed out of small subscriptions obtained from a few of the proprietors. From this beginning the school has so extended itself, as at this time to comprehend, in its night class alone, not less than 160 to 180 boys, superintended by an efficient master, Mr John Johnson; and I had the pleasure of witnessing the very pleasing state of instruction amongst the boys. The total expenditure of this little institution, for the past year, was L.51, 10s. 3d.; and Mr James Johnson, the treasurer of the school, informed me that several of those who had received the elements of instruction in the lodgings of the benevolent founder, were at this present time connected with some of the most respectable houses of Edinburgh and Glasgow."

Mr Franks, having visited our printing establishment in the course of his tour, is pleased to speak favourably of what came under his notice as regards its moral features. The following passages, given in evidence by Mr W. Chambers, may afford useful hints to employers.

"In the general conducting of the concern, it has been our object to organise a system of perfect regularity, peace, decorum, and, consequently, comfort to all parties, and in this respect have been much indebted to our intelligent superintendent. Our desire has been to render all in our employment happy, and to obtain a faithful discharge of duty rather by a spirit of kindness than of harsh exaction; and this feeling, we have reason to believe, has been cordially responded to. The rules of the establishment are such as have sustained a proper and considerate discipline, without in any respect encroaching on the personal rights of the parties interested. One of the regulations is the payment of wages on Fridays; this we consider to be productive of the best effects. It enables the workmen to expend their earnings to the best advantage in the Saturday morning markets, and thus alike saves them from resorting to small shops on Saturday nights, or on the morning of Sunday. The obligation to return to work on Saturday also prevents, or at least greatly modifies the practice of resorting to public-houses after receiving wages. The



usual plan of paying wages on Saturday night—the next day being a day of rest—may be described as a fundamental cause of intemperance, and one which could very easily be removed by employers.

Our establishment of a library in the office is likewise of service in promoting habits of sobriety and order. We uniformly find that the more intelligent the workmen and women are, the better is their general behaviour. It is hence to our advantage to promote a love of reading; and we are happy to say that all, young and old, and of both sexes, read. They take books home with them; and in the intervals of labour, when a few minutes of leisure occur, you may see many of the boys with a volume in their hands.

The boys and girls that come to us for employment are, generally speaking, deficient in education. At the utmost they can barely read; few can write. This arises from the utter poverty and negligence of parents—in short, that miserable condition in which the bulk of the poor in Edinburgh are unfortunately placed. To remedy this defect, we engage a schoolmaster to attend every afternoon for an hour; and by this person the boys are instructed in reading, writing, and arithmetic. We furnish books, paper, slates, &c., so that these children receive an elementary education, so far as it goes, gratis. [A Sunday evening school has latterly been added to these means of improvement.]

Once every year we collect all the persons in our employment, young and old, and give them an entertainment on temperance principles. To this annual *soirée* the wives of the workmen are invited, also a number of guests belonging to the higher classes of society. The meeting is enlivened by music, and speeches from different individuals, and upon the whole it affords a highly entertaining treat to all who are present."

#### SELF-DENYING BENEVOLENCE.

A CHEERFUL group, of various ages, was gathered round a happy fire-side during a storm of drifting snow; and as one and another of them now and then opened the close shutters, to look if the fleecy shower were still falling, they turned from the dreary gaze on every object blocked up by frost and snow with renewed feeling of comfort to the blazing ingle and grateful evening refreshment.

"My dears," said the father of the young family, "how thankful should we be to the Disposer of all things for the comforts of our lot; this warm room, that cheerful fire, and this bright light! How many of our fellow-creatures have none of these!"

"There is more distress than usual among the working-classes this winter," remarked Tom; "what does it proceed from, papa?"

"General depression of trade, I believe, obliging the large manufacturers to dismiss hundreds of those who have been accustomed to work in their factories."

"Our doors are besieged by beggars, who meet us at every turning," said Jane.

"Yes, dear; many who like best to be idle take advantage of the occasion, no doubt, to turn it to account; but it is a melancholy fact that the distress is nearly unprecedented, and I have heard that it reaches to very remote corners. In sea-ports, many widows and orphans are left destitute by the numerous wrecks that strew the coasts, both of vessels and fishing-boats; and though last year's crops were in general good, and provisions are cheap, in some of the more barren and upland districts the fodder was very short from drought, and the winter is proving very severe, all tending to swell the amount of suffering among the poor; which, however, I trust will be but temporary."

"A great deal is doing to relieve the distress, is there not, dear papa?"

"Yes, my child, and ought we not to exert ourselves to the utmost in such a cause? How better could we show that we are sensible of, and grateful for, our happier lot! Think of wanting the necessities of life at such a season—fire and food—and we have enough and to spare."

"You have subscribed, papa, to the fund for relief; you have given us money to give also."

"But have we done all we can? Let us consider this matter a little. Have we denied ourselves any of our luxuries or superfluities, to assist those who have not necessities?"

"I have given the little pocket-money I had," blushed out the gentle Mary, as if ashamed that she had been surprised into the avowal of what she had been taught to think should be done without letting the right hand know what the left hand doeth.

"That is good, my darling," said her fond father with an approving smile, and holding out his hand to his youngest daughter. "What say you, boys?"

"I have none left," says one; "I am so sorry."

"I bought a book I wanted so much with my Christmas gifts," said another.

"I was obliged to pay for an accident that happened to me at school," says a third.

"Listen, my children," said their mamma; "that you all wish to relieve the poor, I hope and believe; perhaps I may be able to show you how."

"Oh, now, pray do, dear mamma," cried every voice.

"A little more than twenty years ago, there was a dreadful famine in Ireland. You know the chief food of the Irish cottier is potatoes, which, after they have raised, they store in pits for future use. The season of 1820-21 happened to be first very dry, and in autumn exceedingly wet; the winter that followed was close and warm for the season; and so it happened, that when the poor cottager came to open the

pits where he expected to find food for his family for the succeeding summer, he found the potatoes all one decaying mass. The want and distress that ensued were frightful. Pestilence followed the famine, as it generally does, and very large subscriptions were gathered, both in England and Scotland, to purchase cargoes of meal and potatoes for the poor sufferers; yet many died of actual starvation, and many more of the consequent fever. I was residing in Dublin with my parents. Collections were then made from house to house, and in all the churches. Our parish clergyman—you have often heard me speak of him—was a noble example of an accomplished Irishman, an evangelical pastor, intimately acquainted with his populous parish in all its details, and very popular as a preacher. We went one day to hear him plead the cause of the suffering peasantry. I wish, my dears, I could give you but a faint idea of his address, or the emotions it excited in the crowded breathless audience. He spoke from his own experience of the reality and depth of the destitution; he appealed for assistance to all the feelings of human nature; he urged the duty of self-denial in the exercise of charity, with all the thrilling pathos and powerful eloquence he could so well command. He intreated the young to give up some frivolous amusement or vain adorning. Yes, the voice yet rings in my ear with which he cried, with impassioned fervour in the cause of humanity—"Be without wine at your tables one day in seven, ye rich, and give the produce of this retrenchment to the poor. Fast once in the week, you in the humbler classes, that your fellow-creatures may not die of starvation." Our beloved minister had touched a chord which did not cease to vibrate when the excitement of the moment was past; we came home full of his own enthusiasm. "What can we want that we may have of our own to give to the starving poor?" was our question of our father and mother. I need not repeat the particulars of the little consultation that followed. It is sufficient to say, that some agreed to do without sugar, others without butter, and all, in which our dear parents joined, to relinquish for a time the daily glass of currant wine. The value of these, trifles as they were, came to something among so many as our family consisted of, and we got it repeated for a time from our mother. Did not our young hearts beat with self-approval when we placed our little gains in our pastor's hand, and met the smiles of his affectionate regard; and when on his next visit our beloved mother told how we had earned our mite of charity, his kind eye, kindling with congratulatory sympathy, was the richest reward that earthly approval could afford. Nor was this all; for the self-denying habits thus acquired made it easy again to practise the same; and I for one have never since considered that anything was a gift of real charity, but what I denied myself some gratification, great or small, to procure.

Mrs M— paused; and the glistening eyes and beaming countenances of the ingenuous group around her, showed she had not spoken without making the desired impression. "We will all do the very same," exclaimed the generous and self-denying Mary. "Do let us want our dinners sometimes, and give them to the poor, mamma."

"Papa promised me a black lace veil on his birthday. I will give up that for its value, if he will allow me," said Eliza.

"Certainly, my love; the cause is a holy one."

"I will do without my new frock," said Jane.

"That will not do," answered her mother; "you must have that sooner or later, as your old one wears out. Eliza must do without her veil at present."

"Cannot I do some pretty work for the bazaar, then?"

"Assuredly, if you are very industrious, and thus two good habits will be gained, besides contributing to the wants of the needy."

The interesting family followed out all their good resolutions to the letter, and induced their cousins, and other young companions, to do the same; and their mother dwelt with pleasure on the idea that her revered friend and minister, though now removed to his high reward, being dead, yet spoke to the hearts of her children through her. Thus may the ministry of the faithful and affectionate pastor be blessed to the improvement of generations yet unborn; and thus may the young learn the value of self-denying benevolence, and that the very commonest of our daily comforts—those which are so common we almost think them necessities, and forget how many have them not—may, by temporary relinquishment at the call of charity, afford the means of doing good to our suffering fellow-creatures.

#### A SPA DOCTOR.

[The following amusing sketch of a Spa physician is quoted from a clever novel entitled "Handley Cross, or the Spa Hunt-"]

ROGER SWIZZLE was a roistering, red faced, roundabout apothecary, who had somewhat impaired his constitution by his jolly performances while walking the hospitals in London, had settled at Appledeve, a small market-town in the vale, where he enjoyed a considerable want of practice, in common with two or three other fortunate brethren. Hearing of a mineral spring at Handley Cross, which, according to usual country tradition, was capable of "curing everything," he tried it on himself, and either the water or the exercise in walking to and fro had a very beneficial effect on his digestive powers.

He analysed its contents, and finding the ingredients he expected, he set himself to work to turn it to his own advantage. Having secured a lease of the spring, he took the late Stephen Dimpling's house on the green, where, at one or other of its four front windows, a numerous tribe of little Swizzles might be seen flattening their noses against the panes. Roger possessed every requisite for a great experimental practitioner—assurance, a wife and large family, and scarcely anything to keep them on.

Being a shrewd sort of fellow, he knew there was nothing like striking out a new light for attracting notice, and the more that light was in accordance with the wishes of the world, the more likely was it to turn to his own advantage. Half the complaints of the upper classes he knew arose from over-eating and indolence; so he thought, if he could originate a doctrine that with the use of Handley Cross waters people might eat and drink what they pleased, his fortune would be as good as made. Aided by the local press, he succeeded in drawing a certain attention to the water, the benefit of which soon began to be felt by the villagers of the place; and the landlord of the Fox and Grapes had his stable constantly filled with gigs and horses of the visitors. Presently lodgings were sought after, and carpeting began to cover the before sanded staircases of the cottages. These were soon found insufficient; and an enterprising bricklayer got up a building society for the erection of a row of four-roomed cottages, called the Grand Esplanade. Others quickly followed, the last undertaking always eclipsing its predecessor.

"Ah, I see how it is," he would say, as a gouty alderman slowly disclosed the symptoms. "Soon set you on your legs again. Was far worse myself. All stomach, sir—all stomach; three-fourths of our complaints arise from stomach;" stroking his corpulent protuberance with one hand, and twisting his patient's button with the other. "Clean you well out, and then strengthen the system. Dine with me at five, and we will talk it all over."

To the great and dignified he was more ceremonious. "You see, Sir Harry, he would say, 'it's all done by eating! More people dig their graves with their teeth than we imagine. Not that I would deny you the good things of this world, but I would recommend a few at a time, and no mixing. No side dishes. No liquors; only two or three wines. Whatever your stomach fancies, give it! Begin now, to-morrow, with the waters. A pint before breakfast—half an hour after, tea, fried ham, and eggs, brown bread, and a walk. Luncheon—another pint—a roast pigeon, and fried potatoes; then a ride. Dinner at six; not later, mind; gravy soup, glass of sherry, nice fresh turbot and lobster-sauce—wouldn't recommend salmon—another glass of sherry—then a good cut out of the middle of a well-browned saddle of mutton—wash it over with a few glasses of iced champagne—and if you like a little light pastry to wind up with, well and good. A pint of old port and a deviled biscuit can hurt no man. Mead, no salads, or cucumbers, or celery, at dinner, or fruit after. Turtle-soup is very wholesome, so is venison. Don't let the punch be too acid though. Drink the waters; live on a regimen, and you'll be well in no time."

We beg pardon for not having drawn a more elaborate sketch of Mr Swizzle before. In height he was exactly five feet eight, and forty years of age. He had a long, fat, red face, with little twinkling black eyes, set high in his forehead, surmounted by fullish eyebrows and short bristly iron-gray hair, brushed up like a hedgehog's back. His nose was snub; and he rejoiced in an ample double chin, rendered more conspicuous by the tightness of an ill-tied white neckcloth, and the absence of all whisker or hair from his face. A country-made snuff-coloured coat, black waistcoat, and short greenish-drab trousers, with high-lows, were the adjuncts of his short ungainly figure. A peculiarly good-natured smile hovered round the dimples of his fat cheeks, which set a patient at ease on the instant. This, with his unaffected, cheery, free-and-easy manner, and the comfortable nature of his prescriptions, gained him innumerable patients. That to some he did good, there is no doubt. The more early rising and exercise he insisted upon would renovate a constitution impaired by too close application to business and bad air; while the gourmands, among whom his principal practice lay, would be benefited by abstinence and regular hours. The water, no doubt, had its merits, but, as usual, was greatly aided by early rising, pure air, the absence of cares, regular habits, and the other advantages which mineral waters invariably claim as their own. One thing the doctor never wanted—a reason why it did not cure. If a patient went back on his hands, he soon hit off an excuse. "You surely didn't dine off goose on Michaelmas day?" or, "Hadden't you some filberts for dessert?" &c., all which information he got from the servants or shopkeepers of the place. When a patient died on his hands, he would say, "He was as good as dead when he came."

#### THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

At the Society of Arts on the 8th February, Mr Francis Whishaw read the first part of a paper "On the Application of Electricity to the Arts and Manufactures of the Country."

The immediate subject of the communication was the application of electricity to the transmission of signals by means of Messrs Cooke and Wheatstone's telegraph, already in daily use on the Blackwall, Edinburgh and Glasgow, and Manchester and Leeds railways. From the well-known experiments of Professor Wheatstone, it is ascertained that the electric current travels at the rate of 200,000 miles in a second of time; and availing themselves of this important property, Professor Wheatstone and Mr Cooke, who had both been labouring in the same field of extensive usefulness for a long time previously to their being associated as joint patentees of the invention, convinced the scientific world of the truth of their proposition, by laying down their telegraph in the first instance on the Great Western railway between Paddington and



West Drayton, on which line it has been clearly established that electro-telegraphic communications may be transmitted to a distance of seventy-eight miles without any intermediate station. By extensive experiments lately made by Mr Cooke near Blackheath, he is enabled to lay down the telegraph at something like half the original cost, the iron tubing for protecting the wires being dispensed with, and the insulated wires suspended either from wooden or iron standards nine feet in height, ranged at convenient intervals along the Great Western railway. The telegraphic instruments used on the Blackwall railway, on which 2500 signals are daily given, as also of the instruments used on the Edinburgh and Glasgow railway, were illustrated by drawings.

The mode of working the Blackwall railway is of so complicated a nature, that it would be impossible, without the aid of this or some equally efficient system of transmitting communications between all the different officers of the railway, to carry on the traffic with any degree of safety. As it is, millions of passengers have been carried along that line without any accident having occurred worthy of notice.

The signals are given by pointers, each suspended vertically upon an axis moving freely through the face of a dial; behind the dial a magnet is fixed on the same axis as the pointer, so that both move together. A portion of the conducting wire is coiled many times longitudinally round a frame on which the magnet moves, so as to subject the magnet to the multiplied deflecting force of the voltaic current; the motion of the magnet is limited on both sides by fixed stops.

We may suppose three of these very simple instruments included in the same conducting wire, the first at the Minories, the second at Limehouse, and the third at Blackwall. The general effect of this arrangement is, that the transmission of electricity along the conducting wire, and consequently through the convolutions of wire surrounding the respective magnets, deflects those magnets with a sudden and decided motion to one of the stops, and causes the pointers to indicate corresponding and simultaneous signals upon the dials of each of the instruments at the Minories, Limehouse, and Blackwall stations.

Each instrument is provided with a battery and a handle, by which a porter or policeman is enabled at pleasure to connect the conducting wire with his battery.

By moving the handle to the right or left, either of the signals can be instantaneously transmitted from any one of the instruments to all the others, which, by means of their own handles, have the power of sending back signals in reply.

Correctness is insured by the simultaneous appearance of the signal in the instrument of the operator and that of the recipient. The signals in the case before us are "Go on," and "Stop," in reference to the starting and stopping of the engines.

Eight signals can be given by means of the instruments used on the Edinburgh and Glasgow railway. Each needle is worked by its distinct handle. If the signal answering to No. 1 is to be transmitted, then the two pointers are made to converge upwards at the same instant. If the signal answering to No. 2 or 3 is required to be given, then the left hand pointer will effect the object. If the signal corresponding either with 4 or 5 is wanting, then the right hand pointer is moved towards the one or other of these figures, as may be required. If the pointers are made to rest diagonally in one direction, the signal corresponding with 6 is indicated; and if in the other, that corresponding with 7 is transmitted; and lastly, the signal corresponding with 8 is effected by causing the pointers to converge downwards at the same time. Thus, by different arrangements of the figures or letters on the dials, any required number of signals may be given.

It is expected that within a very short time offices will be opened in London, Windsor, and Slough, between which communications may be transmitted with electro-telegraphic speed at any minute of the day or night.—*From a newspaper.*

#### CLASSICAL TOYS AND GAMES.

[From St John's Ancient Greece.]

Among the Hellenes, the earliest toy consisted, as in most other countries, of the rattle, said to be the invention of the philosopher Archytas. To this succeeded the balls of many colours, with little chariots, sometimes purchased at Athens in the fair held during the feast of Zeus. The common price of a plaything of this kind would appear to have been an obolus. The children themselves, as without any authority might with certainty be inferred, employed their time in erecting walls with sand, in constructing little houses, in building and carving ships, in cutting carts or chariots out of leather, in fashioning pomegranate rinds into the shape of frogs, and in forming with wax a thousand diminutive images, which, pursued afterwards during school hours, subjected them occasionally to severe chastisement. Another amusement which the children of Hellas shared with their elders was that afforded by puppets, which were probably an invention of the remotest antiquity. Numerous women appear to have earned their livelihood by carrying round from village to village these ludicrous and friar-like images, which were usually about a cubit in height, and may be regarded as the legitimate ancestors of Punch and Judy. By touching a single string, concealed from the spectators, the operator could put her mute performers in action, cause them to move every limb in succession, spread forth the hands, shrug the shoulders, turn round the neck, roll the eyes, and appear to look at the audience. After this, by other contrivances within the images, they could be made to go through many humorous evolutions resembling the movements of the dance. These exhibitors, frequently of the male sex, were known by the name of *Neurospastæ*. \* \* The game of *Ascolanion* branched off into several varieties, and afforded the Athenian rustics no small degree of sport. The first and most simple form consisted in hopping on one foot,

sometimes in pairs, to see which in this way could go farthest. On other occasions, the hopper undertook to overtake certain of his companions who were allowed the use of both legs. If he could touch one of them, he became off conqueror. This variety of the game appears to have been the *Empusæ ludus* of the Romans, "Scotch hoppers," or "Fox to thy hole," in which boys, hopping on one leg, beat one another with gloves, or pieces of leather tied at the end of strings, or knotted handkerchiefs, as in the *Diabla botella* of the French. At other times, victory depended on the number of hops, all hopping together, and counting their springs, the highest, of course, winning. But the most amusing variety of the game was that practised during the Dionysiac festival of the Askolia. Skins filled with wine, or inflated with air, and extremely well oiled, were placed upon the ground, and on these the shoeless rustics leaped with one leg, and endeavoured to maintain a footing, which they seldom could, on account of their slipperiness. However, he who succeeded, carried off the skin of wine as his prize. \* \* Playing at ball was common, and received various names—*Episkyros*, *Phaeninda*, *Appraxia*, and *Ouranis*. The first of these games was also known by the names of the Ephēbke and the Epikothos. It was played thus: a number of young men assembling together in a place covered with sand or dust, drew across it a straight line, which they called *Skyros*, and at equal distances, on either side, another line; then placing the ball on the *skyros*, they divided into two equal parties, and retreated each to their lines, from which they immediately afterwards rushed forward to seize the ball; the person who picked it up then cast it towards the extreme line of the opposite party, whose business it was to intercept and throw it back, and they won who, by force or cunning, compelled their opponents to overstep the boundary line. Daniel Souter contends that this was the English game of football, into which, perhaps, it may, in course of time, have been converted. This, though, and it must be confessed, somewhat dangerous sport, originally, in all probability, introduced into this country by the Romans, may still, on Shrove Tuesday, be witnessed in certain towns of South Wales.

#### CHINESE SOLDIERY, AND THEIR APPOINTMENTS.

[From M'Kenzie's *Second Campaign in China*.]

THE arms which the Chinese use in the north of the empire in some degree differ from those used in the south. In the north, there are, I believe, large bodies of Tartar cavalry, armed with bows and arrows, in the use of which they are very expert. At Chusan, cotton dresses for the body, lined with pieces of iron plates, were found; and also helmets of polished steel, very much resembling those worn in Europe during the middle ages. I was not informed whether the use of these was confined to the mandarins, or whether the soldiers were also provided with them. These are the only important distinctions of which I am aware between the military costume in the north and south; both, with the above exception, being nearly alike. The weapons of the mandarins consist of a sword, similar to that used by the ancient Romans, with a short straight blade, the scabbard being ornamented according to the fancy of the bearer. This is invariably carried on the right side, in order to prevent that weapon from getting entangled with the alings of the quiver for arrows, which is fastened round the waist by a handsomely embroidered belt, and hangs on the left side. The quiver is made of leather appropriately ornamented, and has generally a species of sabretache attached to it, in which the bow is placed; some of which I have seen with a hinge in the centre, to admit of being folded up into a smaller space. The arrows are of various lengths, some armed with a ball at the end perforated with holes, which in their progress through the air causes a whistling noise, and is supposed to strike terror into the hearer; the points are barbed, hooked, and broad-headed, while the butt is generally decorated with bright-coloured feathers, those of the Tartar pheasant being most esteemed, and used by the mandarins only. The arms of the soldiers are shields, matchlocks, spears, bows and arrows, and double swords. The only kind of armour is a round cap, made of rattan, painted with a huge pair of eyes, and well calculated to ward off the blow of a sword; sometimes the soldiers wear a cap similar to that of the mandarins, without any button. The shields are of different sizes, made also of rattan, containing a ring inside sufficiently large to pass the arm through, and a little farther in, a bar to lay hold of. They are generally painted with a devil's, or some such fascinating animal's face, intended to intimidate the beholder. These shields are not bullet-proof to a close shot, but no sword can either pierce or cut through them. The matchlock is as nearly as possible the old European weapon of the same name. It is not held in such estimation by the Chinese as the bow, from its danger to the bearer, in consequence of the liability of the match either to ignite his clothes or to blow up his powder-pouch, which is carried round the waist in a cotton or leather case, containing fourteen or sixteen wooden tubes, each holding a loose charge. This pouch is adorned with a representation intended to resemble a tiger's face; and from the careless manner in which the powder is carried, the probability of the wearer blowing himself up is extremely great. Their spears are of all kinds, sizes, and shapes, with which, in coming to close quarters, we found that they inflicted most horrid wounds; the favourite pattern of them is a long broad blade. They also use pikes, and a species of straight scythe, with a handle very short in proportion to the length of the blade. Their bows and arrows are alike, whether borne by mandarin or private, the only difference being in the material: the quiver of the soldier is lashed tight on his back, and for the convenience of carriage, is generally square. The Tartars and Chinese troops use bows of different sizes and strength; the Tartars use a peculiar kind of cross-bow, throwing three arrows. The bow is made of elastic wood, covered with horn on the outside, and its strength varies from eighty pounds to one hundredweight; the string is made of

silk and flax, strongly spun together, with three joints to allow of its being put away in smaller space, and to prevent it from cutting. In shooting the arrow, the string is held behind an agate or jade-stone ring, worn on the right thumb, the first joint of which is bent forward, and the string is confined, till the arrow is let fly by the middle joint of the fore-finger. The double-sword is a weapon of a very remarkable and singular construction. The blades are carried in the same sheath, and necessarily the inner side of both is quite flat, while the opposite one is triangular. A soldier, with a sword in each hand, advances to the front, goes through a variety of extraordinary gestures, all the while uttering strange cries, varied by terms of the greatest opprobrium he can lavish upon the enemy. One or two of these military mountebanks having been picked off by our men, they did not latterly exhibit their accomplishments so often. The uniform of the soldiers is very much a matter of fancy; the jacket is generally made of a light blue cloth turned up with red, or else a red jacket bordered with white; the tunic or under garment reaches down to the knees, and is generally blue. The name of the regiment to which the bearer belongs is written on the back and on the breast, with some terror-inspiring word, such as "Robust," "Tiger-hearted," &c. One particular corps has a tiger's face instead of the name, and the dress is striped, and made to resemble a tiger as much as possible.

#### MARRIAGE AND EDUCATION.

The marriage registers have afforded a test of the state of education with reference to writing. The simplicity of this test is one of its chief recommendations; the parties are neither asked whether they can write or read, nor formally requested to write; but sign the marriage registers with their name or their mark in attesting the marriage, and the tables show the proportion who signed with marks. The parties who marry are, on an average, about twenty-five years of age; so that the test shows the state of education ten or twenty years ago, and the subsequent inducements to the retaining of the information and skill then acquired. It appears, from the average of the three years, that 33 men in 100, and 49 women in 100, signed with marks; it is therefore probable that only 67 men and 51 women in 100 can write their own names. There is a slight increase in the proportion of men who wrote their names. The table in which the division and counties are arranged according to the proportion of men married, who wrote their names, show that there are great differences in the state of education in different counties. Thus, of 100 men married in Cumberland, only 16 signed the register with marks, 19 in Westmoreland, 19 in Northumberland, 19 in the East Riding of York, 23 in the North Riding, and 46 in Cambridgeshire, 46 in Worcestershire, 47 in Suffolk, 47 in Essex, 52 in Bedfordshire. It may be worth while to inquire into the system of education which leads to such different results in those counties; for the difference of intellect, habits, and occupations, can scarcely account for the remarkable fact, that 84 in 100 men can write in Cumberland, 81 in the East Riding of York, and only 54 in 100 in Cambridgeshire, and 48 in Bedfordshire. So far as writing implies education, the relative education of men and women varies to a great extent in the several counties.—*Fourth Annual Report of the Registrar General.*

#### EDITORIAL NOTE.

In an article on "Familiar Quotations," which appeared in No. 570 of our Journal, we instanced the well-known line—

"Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest,"

acknowledging at the same time that we were unacquainted with its author. Several correspondents have kindly enlightened us upon the point, some of them directing us for the quotation to Homer, others to Pope's *Satires*. On making the necessary references, we find that, despite this apparent discrepancy, both parties are right. The sentiment is originally Homer's, rendered as above in Pope's *Odyssey* (book 15, line 84). In the imitation of Horace which is addressed to Mr Bethel, Pope reproduces his own translation of "the fine old Greek" thus:—

"For I who hold sage Homer's rule the best,

"Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest."

In the more faithful, but less fluent version of Hobbes, the thought is expressed by

"Love him that stays, help forth the going guest."

But in this instance Pope distances his predecessors by superior antithesis and force.

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